



The Army of the Shadows

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

I hear no shouts as the soldiers come
To the mellow throb of the distant drum.

They come—A fragment of what they were;
The ranks are scattering year by year,
For one by one with his hidden air
Has answered the summons of Death with "Here!"
I see them waver and falter on,
Their blue-green shadowy gray with dust—
Grown shadowy gray, as in years ago
Their sabers fell into shadowy rust.

O, this the vision that comes to me:
I watch them trudging down the street,
The ready soldiers that used to be,
With vibrant drumming to time their feet;
I see them swinging along the way
With brave Old Glory above them all;
And all the lines are complete to-day—
Made so by the mystical trumpet call.

And quick and eager, erect and bold,
They march triumphantly through my dream—
The soldier men of the day of old
With flags ablow and with swords agleam.
The cannons rumble their warning note,
The musketeers blaze on the battle's verge,
And out of the bugle's hearsean throat
There shrills the terrible cry of "Charge!"

But hold. The mist that was in my eyes
Now drifts away as a cloud is blown,
And the shadows fade, as across the skies
The silent arm of the wind is thrown.
And gray, and grizzled, and lean, and lame,
They falter on to the rounded graves,
That glow to-day in the grace of fame
Beneath the flag that honor waves.

They go—A shadow of what they were;
The ranks are vanishing year by year,
For one by one with his gallant air
Has answered the summons of Death with "Here!"
And so they waver and falter on,
Their blue made shadowy gray with dust—
The fading host that in years ago
Bore forth the grail of the nation's trust.

And into the shadows march they all
To the sign of a far-off trumpet call.

STILL LIVE FOR US

Funeral March for Heroic Dead Has Meaning Beyond Mere Honor to the Fallen.

EVERY year, in the full tide of spring, at the height of the symphony of flowers and love and life, there comes a solemn pause, and through the silence the nation hears the lonely pipe of death.

Year after year lovers wandering under the apple boughs and through the clover are surprised with sudden tears as they see black-veiled figures stealing through the morning to a soldier's grave.

Year by year the comrades of the dead follow, with public honor, procession and commemorative flags and funeral march—tribute from us who have inherited a nation's glory to the heroes who gave it.

As surely as this day comes round we are in the presence of the dead. But not all the associations of this day are sad; some of them are triumphant, even joyful.

We seem to hear the funeral march become a psalm. Our heroic dead still live for us, and bid us think of life, not death—of life to which in their youth they lent the passion and glory of the spring.

Memorial day may and ought to

have a meaning beyond mere honor to the dead. It celebrates and solemnly re-affirms from year to year a national act of enthusiasm and faith. It embodies in the most impressive form our belief that to act with enthusiasm and faith is the condition of acting greatly. To fight out a war men must believe something and want something with all their might. So must they to carry out anything else to an end worth reaching.

Peace calls for its patriotic devotion, no less than war. And, stripped of the direct associations which gave rise to it, this is a day when by common consent we pause to become conscious of our national honor and to rejoice in it, to recall what our country has done and is doing for us, and to ask ourselves what we can do for our country in return.

The great French soldier, de Latour d'Auvergne, was the hero of many battles, but remained by his own choice in the ranks. Napoleon gave him a sword and the official title "The First Grenadier of France." When he was killed the emperor ordered that his heart should be entrusted to his regiment—that his name should be called at every roll call and that his next comrade should answer, "Dead upon the field of honor!" In the keeping of this nation are the hearts of many heroes; we treasure them in consecrated ground, and when their names are called we answer in flowers, "Dead upon the field of honor."

IN LABOR OF LOVE

Multitudes Gather to Aid Veterans Decorate Graves in Beautiful Arlington Cemetery.

THE Coliseum in the national cemetery at Arlington, in which people gather annually for the exercises, is indescribably beautiful. The space is surrounded by columns, a light lattice work forming the roof. Beside the columns have been planted wisteria, roses, clematis and other early flowering vines, which form a perfect bower overhead, while the majestic trees make ample shade for the multitude who come to join in the labor of love.

The thousands of ex-union officers and soldiers who have died during the 38 years since the first Decoration

day, and the hundreds that have fallen since the Spanish-American war, and whose bodies have been borne across the sea to be buried in Arlington, have made this the largest city of patriotic dead on the globe. This 30th of May, like all others, will see every low green mound of the extensive field covered with flowers and immortelles. There will be a repetition of the annual ceremonies, with probably additional interesting features.

Alas! the column of ex-union soldiers does not present a long line, and the few who participate are for the most part bowed with age and increased disability which time has wrought.

The patriotic organizations, sons and daughters of veterans, and the loyal people have taken up the work which older hands have had to lay down. The spirit of gratitude and devotion to the memory of the country's defenders inspires the whole nation to-day as it did in 1868.

DIED IN PRISON PENS

Record of Those Who Passed Away in Military Confinement Is an Appalling One.

The largest confederate prison was at Andersonville, Ga., where 45,613 union soldiers were imprisoned. The prison had its maximum number on August 8, 1864, when the rolls showed the presence of 33,114. Death claimed 12,912, or 28 per cent, of the entire number. Every day the death toll averaged 30. The greatest number of deaths occurred on August 23,

1864, when 127 yielded up their lives. The largest military prison in the north was at Elmira where 11,916 prisoners were confined in an open pen or stockade. The death list reached 2,994, about 25 per cent. In March, 1865, the greatest mortality occurred—495—or 16.5 per cent, of all the deaths. All except six of the dead were buried in a field which was afterward plowed up and planted with wheat, and now neither summer nor winter shows a sign of where 3,000 hapless confederates were laid away.

The members of the Woman's Relief Corps make a great feature of Memorial day. The pity of it all is that there are so many new graves to decorate each year.



By Graves of Heroes

An hour, a flower, a memory, perchance a tear or two,
These give us from our life to them:
Nation, what gave they you?

What of the silent partings, too solemn and sad for tears?
What of the homesick sighing which only the night-wind hears?

What of the waking picket, guarding the nation's sleep?
What of the cold and the hunger?—what of the thirst and heat?

What of the midnight marching, where, weary, footsore, drenched,
The pallid weeping morning shows the enemy entrenched?

What of the shriek of the battle? What of the after-hours?
Oh, men! in the name of God, can ye heal such wounds with flowers?

Look to your lilacs, Columbia! Stainless they should be as snow,
To rest on hearts burned white in battle's furnace glow;

And your roses, red as the blood that flowed on fields of death,
Their fragrance full sweet to stifle the smell of battle's breath!

Alas! if our flowers were all that we laid on each nameless grave—
Alas! for us and for them and the sacrifice they gave.

But over those lowly hillocks, as over the hills of God,
A glory breaks from the flower-cups withering on the sod.

For they are the pledge of the promise—
"What you gave to us we will keep."
The oath of the nation's waking sons to her sons who are asleep.
—Frances Ten Eyck.

AT GETTYSBURG

Field of Battle Is Forever Consecrated to the Heroes' Ideals of American Valor.

SEE Naples and die!" wrote an enthusiast, and gave a new vogue to a moribund old world city by a sententious saying. But to the American whose soul is alive to patriotic emotion, a more fitting exhortation would be, see Gettysburg and live! And so seeing, live to be consecrated anew to American ideals. Realize and drink in from that historic fount the immortal lesson of "what they did here," that the nation might live—a grand objective lesson, made manifest so that he that runs may read by its 600 monuments and tablets dedicated there to American valor. A thrilling page it is that may be read in these silent yet speaking symbols which mark the various positions held by the 640 organizations that fiercely contended for victory during those feverish July days of '63. And punctuating the long lines of marble and granite memorials that thickly strew the picturesquely diversified field imposingly stand out the colossal bronze images of the leading generals in the commanding stations each occupied, or where they fell wounded or dead, while directing their hosts.

While here and there dotting the elevations where the batteries belched out their terrible shots and shell are grim cannon, in some instances the self same pieces that sent their winged death searching Ewell's, Hill's and Longstreet's lines stretched around the town and along Seminary ridge, or hurled them at Meade's embattled front opposite.

All the historic landmarks, too, are there to-day. Away to the west the Lutheran seminary, still standing like a sentinel on the outpost, round which the waves of battle raged and spumed and from the cupola of which Reynolds and Buford watched Hill's advance debouching from the woods on either side of the Chambersburg pike; and, just beyond, the undulating plain and McPherson's wood, the scene and altar of sacrifice whereon the valiant first corps of Meade's army unstintingly poured out its libation of blood. To the east and south, Cemetery hill and its prolonged ridge, along which stand out those never to be effaced features of the landscape—the national cemetery, with its 3,575 graves of union dead, the clump of trees or "high water mark of the rebellion," whence Pickett's brave were hurled back in disaster and death; the "bloody angle," and the peach orchard, which season after season renews itself in blossom and fruit; the wheat field, yearly sown to the same crop, but no longer yielding its "harvest of death"; grim Devil's Den, a rocky, wood-tangled maze to-day as it was and has ever been since the red Indian and savage beast sought it for their lair; the same wooded heights of Little and Big Roundtop, partly denuded, yet with many surviving ancient trees scarred and broken and torn by solid shot and shell, or trunks pimpled by minie bullets, but fruitful yet with leafy life.

Vanished only are the mangled corpses of the slain, the rushing columns of struggling foemen, the blazing lines, the crash of musketry and cannon's deafening roar, the dying groans and frantic, swelling cheers. With all these marvelously preserved vestiges of the battle still defining its varying fortunes, and with the graphic story of the guides, very little exercise of the imagination is needed even to a stranger, none at all to the veteran who fought there to reconstruct the scene, and once seen render its realization vividly impressed forever on the mind.

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR

F. F. V. LIMITED WAS SPEEDING TOWARD THE EAST

WHEN THE OBSERVATION CAR

Jumped the Track, Rolling Down a Thirty-Foot Embankment—21 Passengers Were In the Car.

Mayaville, Ky., May 23.—One person was killed, three probably fatally injured and nearly a score more or less hurt when the observation car on C. and O. train No. 2, known as the F. F. V. Limited, jumped the track, turned over and rolled down the embankment at the point known as Lawrence creek curve, six miles west of here.

Engineer Chalky was at the throttle and Capt. Fish was in charge of the train. It was made up of two baggage, two mail cars, two sleepers, a diner and a combination sleeper and observation car, in which last car were 18 passengers.

It was bowling along at the rate of 50 miles an hour, when there was a sudden jerk that shook up all the passengers in the forward coaches. The engineer, looking back, saw the elegant new observation car, "St. Raphael," rolling down a 30-foot embankment. The train had just passed over a bridge, and but for this more passengers would either have been killed or drowned.

As it was Mrs. Lawrence W. Halsey, of Milwaukee, Wis., received injuries of which she died shortly after reaching this city, where some of the injured were brought so soon as a relief train could be made up and sent out.

Mrs. Halsey was mangled beyond description. Her scalp was torn off, and imbedded therein was a piece of plate glass two inches square. A fracture of the skull rendered her unconscious from the moment of the accident.

Her left arm was crushed, her legs mangled, and she suffered internal injuries. One of the physicians sent from here gave her immediate attention, but she never regained consciousness. Mrs. Halsey died at 4 p. m., as her body was being conveyed from the improvised hospital in the baggage car of the relief train into Room No. 2 at the St. Charles hotel.

Judge Lawrence W. Halsey, her husband, who was also in the wreck, is in a precarious condition. A dozen more victims of the accident were cared for as promptly as possible, and most of them were taken to Cincinnati on the west-bound flyer.

No one knows what caused the observation car to leave the track. It turned completely over, bumped against the ties, tore up a section of the track for a distance of at least 50 feet, then tumbled down a steep hill and was smashed almost into kindling wood. It was an awful experience for the 21 people in the ill-fated car. The wonder is that all were not killed outright.

KNIFE CARRIED BY THE GIRL

While Picking Dandelions Used By Assassin in Taking Her Life.

New York, May 23.—Amelia Stiefeldt, 15 years of age, was assaulted and murdered on the outskirts of her father's farm in Elmhurst, L. I. The crime was committed in a lonely spot, where the girl had wandered in search of dandelions, and the weapon employed was the kitchen knife which she had used to sever the crowns from the roots of the wild flowers.

The girl was seen entering a pasture lot on Baxter avenue by Joseph Engle, who was engaged in hauling fertilizer in the vicinity. Engle afterward saw the girl at work picking dandelions. He found the body at 4 o'clock. Engle says that he saw a man crossing the lot in which the girl had been about three quarters of an hour before he found the body.

Conspirators Killed Themselves.

Washington, May 23.—A dispatch received here by Senator Herrero, the minister from Guatemala, reports that four of the men who attempted to take the life of President Cabrera committed suicide. They took refuge in a hut in the suburbs of the city, and a detachment of soldiers surrounded it. The men fired from within, killing a major and wounding a colonel and another officer. Finally, seeing there was no hope of escape, they killed themselves.

Negro Surrounded in Swamp.

Reidsville, Ga., May 23.—A posse surrounded a swamp in which Elam Padgett, the negro who attempted assault on Mrs. Laura Moore, resulted in the lynching of two negroes, the death of three other persons and the injury of seven others. The wife of Sim Padgett, one of the slain negroes, confessed that after the withdrawal of the posse that attacked Padgett's cabin she had killed John Hare, a member of the posse, who had been shot down in the attack.

Bound Over To Grand Jury.

San Francisco, May 23.—J. W. Boyle, for three months Santa Fe dispatcher at Needles, and Mrs. Elizabeth Alford, wife of a wealthy cotton broker, of Nashville, Tenn., are in the county jail bound over under \$2,000 to answer to the charge of adultery.

Robbed of \$1,300.

Cleveland, O., May 23.—Edward Murthaugh, aged 60, en route to his home in Texas from a visit to Ireland, was assaulted on the Lake Shore railroad tracks, robbed of \$1,300 and left unconscious.

STATE NEWS ITEMS

SNORING HEARD

In Vacant House When Lights Are Out—Police Mystified.

Lexington, Ky.—Baffling the police here is a case of a snoring man who can not be located. Mrs. John Glincho, residing at 267 Lexington avenue, telephoned the police station to hurry a policeman next door to her vacant house, 271 Lexington avenue, as a man had broken into the house and could be heard snoring. Lieut. Charles Overly answered the call. When he arrived he heard the snoring, and, opening the door, went into the house to arrest the man. To his surprise he could not find him.

As soon as the light was turned on the snoring stopped, but when the light was turned off and it became dark the snoring would begin. Overly summoned several policemen, and they could hear the snoring as described, but could find no trace of a man, though they searched for several hours.

The case is the most mysterious to come to the notice of the police.

HARGIS ACQUITTED.

Federal Judge Freed of Murder Charge by Lexington Jury.

Lexington, Ky.—Judge James Hargis, reputed leader of the Hargis faction of the Hargis-Cockrill feud, in which three members of the Cockrill faction were assassinated within a year, was acquitted by a jury in the Fayette circuit court of the charge of conspiring to murder James Cockrill. The trial has been in progress for nearly two weeks, and the attorneys for the commonwealth believed they had made out the strongest possible case. When the jury retired, Juror Rhody Horndon, jr., was ill, but recovered sufficiently to finish his work. At the start the jury is said to have been ten to two for acquittal.

In making his speech to the jury, Attorney Floyd Byrd swore that so long as there was breath in his body he would legally fight the conspirators who killed Cockrill, and the next move is now awaited.

ASTRIDE A MULE

First Telegrapher to Invade Elliott County Will Ride to Hargis Trial.

Lexington, Ky.—William Britton, the feudist and alleged fellow conspirator of Judge James Hargis in the Breathitt county murders, will be taken to Sandy Hook by Capt. William Jenkins, of the Lexington police force, to answer to the charge of murdering Dr. B. D. Cox. They will go to Morehead and drive across country to Sandy Hook. S. E. Berry, of this city, telegraph operator, will leave for Sandy Hook, and will be the first operator to invade Elliott county. He will ride from Limestone to Sandy Hook astride a mule. The Big Sandy Telephone wires will be used by the telegraph company.

Tobacco Pledges Report.

Lexington, Ky.—After the meeting of the executive committee of the board of directors of the American Society of Equity of the white burley tobacco district, held here, Clarence Lebrun, chairman, announced that the society had pledged 90,000 acres of the 1907 crop of tobacco in the white burley district. The report is the result of a careful accounting of the number of acres signed up and sent in by the members of the campaign committee.

An Atrocious Crime.

Lexington, Ky.—The body of Mrs. Ellen Flannery, 30, a widow, of Perry Creek, was discovered near her home beneath a heap of rocks, stabbed in the breast, with her throat cut and several fractures, unearthing the most inhuman tragedy in the murder annals of Letcher county. Floyd Frazier, 18, revealed bloody clothes and was arrested. No motive is known.

\$36,000 Tax Paid By Road.

Frankfort, Ky.—Attorney A. P. Humphrey, of Louisville, Ky., a representative of the Southern Pacific Co., paid to the state treasurer \$36,000 as organization tax on \$36,000,000 increase in the capital stock of the company, which has its charter in this state.

Gloomy For Frazier.

Sergeant, Ky.—The chain of evidence fastening the murder of Mrs. Ellen Flannery upon young Floyd Frazier is gaining strength, the police say. A bloody knife was found near the scene of the murder. Stains of blood also were found on his garments. Frazier refuses to talk.

Killed Baby Sister.

Ashland, Ky.—Robert, 8, son of Sherman Vanhorn, of near Louisa, tried to amuse his baby sister by showing her a loaded shotgun. Not knowing the gun was loaded, he pulled the trigger and the child was killed.

Daughter Makes Charges.

Paducah, Ky.—H. B. Cobb, a book agent, was arrested at Mayfield on charges preferred by his daughter, Mrs. Edna Broady, 16. The girl has been married only a few months, and her husband left her on account of her father's conduct, it is intimated.

A Victim of Night Riders.

Hopkinsville, Ky.—Foster B. McCown, president of the Christian County Union of the American Society of Equity, was the victim of night riders, his plant being visited by unknown parties and almost entirely destroyed.

CITY OFFICIALS OUSTED.

All Louisville and Jefferson County Officials Knocked Out.

Frankfort, Ky.—The court of appeals handed down its opinion in the contested election cases from the city of Louisville and Jefferson county, upholding the contents of the fusionists and declaring the election void, thus reversing the decision of Judges Miller and Kirby, of the Jefferson circuit court.

The court rules that Gov. Beckham has the power to fill the vacancies by appointment, and an election for all city and county officials is ordered for next November. The decision of the court is unanimous.

The effect of the decision is to depose the entire list of officers, from county judge and mayor down to magistrates and minor city officials.

The court settles the question of the temporary succession, giving the governor authority to appoint to fill the vacancies pending an election by the people. The governor is to appoint the mayor, the city boards and the county judge, and they are to fill all minor places under them.

EMBEZZLEMENT

By a Former Lexington Employee Is Alleged in the Petition.

Lexington, Ky.—The Citizens' League, an independent organization here, filed an amended petition to the suit entered Tuesday. It is charged that Mayor Thomas A. Combs, City Auditor Moses Kaufman and City Treasurer Peter J. Garland had illegally and wrongfully diverted \$32,000 from the public school fund into other channels. It is also charged that Mayor Combs has not required bonds from the auditor and treasurer commensurate with the responsibility they are under. Pointed questions are asked the mayor, among them being reference to an alleged embezzlement of certain city funds by Patrick J. Sharkey, a former city employee, and asking the mayor who participated in the affair besides Sharkey. The suit and amendment have caused much excitement here.

Home Burned—Two Sons Cremated.

Ashland, Ky.—The home of Rev. P. J. Short, at East Point, Johnson county, was burned, and two young sons of the minister were cremated, while a third son was so badly injured that he will die. Harry, 18, although frightfully burned, managed to reach the window and leap to the ground, breaking both legs and one arm and receiving internal injuries. The pastor had all he could do to drag his wife from the flames while they were both in their night clothes. He is one of the most prominent Christian ministers in Northern Kentucky. He carried no insurance on his home, and everything he owned in the world, save his land, was destroyed.

Given Knockout Blow.

Frankfort, Ky.—Bucket shops and poolrooms were given a knockout blow by the court of appeals in decisions that hold they can be fined and abated as common nuisances. The two decisions mean that betting on horse races in poolrooms and stock gambling can be absolutely stopped in Kentucky if the officials want to stop it.

Lexington Shoot.

Lexington, Ky.—The fifth annual target tournament of the Kentucky State Trapshooters' League began here. Noted marksmen are gathering in for the contest. The shoot opened with a 200-target event and the lawyers' trophy of 100 targets. The first high amateur contest of 200 targets will also be pulled off.

Girl's Terrible Story.

Morehead, Ky.—John Collins, who was run down by bloodhounds for shooting at Ben Martin, was spirited to Mt. Sterling to evade a mob. Collins' 14-year-old stepdaughter confessed after his arrest that he had been forcing his attentions upon her ever since she was 10 years old.

Kentucky College Sued.

Lexington, Ky.—Suit was filed here against Campbell Hagerman Woman's college, for \$12,000 damages by Miss Sadie McGinnis, of Danville, because she was not permitted to graduate last year with her class on account of having attended a dance, violating the school rules.

New Rifle Range.

Hopkinsville, Ky.—Capt. E. W. Clark, commanding Company D, Kentucky State Guard, at this place, has received official notice that as soon as practicable a rifle range will be installed here.

Sentence Affirmed.

Frankfort, Ky.—The court of appeals affirmed the life sentence given Cal Newton for killing George Smith and his son, James D. Smith, in August, 1905, in this county.

Jury Gives Woman \$12,000 Damages.

Covington, Ky.—In Kenton Circuit Court a jury returned a verdict of \$12,000 for the plaintiff in the suit of Mrs. Loula Marshall against the L. & N. Railroad Co. Mrs. Marshall was injured in the Macon train wreck. The case will probably be appealed.

Fall Ends Life.

Hopkinsville, Ky.—William Coburn, 108, was buried near this city. Death was due to the effects of a fall he sustained several days ago. He was a native of Scotland, and came to America in 1837.